Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

The Christian Century PULPIT

A Periodical of Contemporary Preaching

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

VOLUME VI | CHICAGO, MAY, 1935 | NUMBER 5

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'Fame's Serene Abode'

BY ALBERT BUCKNER COE

I weep for Adonais—he is dead! . . .
Others more sublime
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, who wrote these lines, was drowned at the age of thirty. An Oxford graduate, he is honored there in a beautiful statue. On the walls surrounding the statue are the words of his immortal "Adonais" penned in honor of his lamented young friend, John Keats. The words he tossed to another came back to him, making him immortal. He lies in "Fame's serene abode."

"Adonais"—the poem of the tragic young—haunts me on Memorial day. There must be an inevitable connection. Vera Brittain, the spokesman of tragic youth, absorbed the poem and gave it back again. So do I—so must all those who saw youth's tragedy eighteen short years ago, and fear it now.

Fame's serene abode! Belleau Wood cemetery in France is situated not far from the city of Epirnay. I visited it in the summer of 1930. Row after row of crosses meet the eye. Acres of them stretch out before the traveler. So serene it is! The sky overhead is blue; the air is crisp; birds sing in the stillness; in the grass, so vividly green at the end of the day, poppies grow. The crosses marking the graves are glistening white. I read a few names: Caldwell Colt Robinson, Illinois; Samuel Mize, Wisconsin; Roy Brown, California; Roy F. Swartz, Indiana; John Hilger, Missouri. I did not know these men. But there they lie with hundreds of others, far from home. There they lie in "Fame's serene abode."

How came these graves and the long rows of crosses? The answer is found on the hill above—a knoll covering a hundred acres. Luxuriant trees once covered that hill. Now there is little more than scrubby brush; for there one dark night early in the summer of 1918 the first

25 Cents a Copy Entered as second-class matter October 14, 1929, at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The Christian Century Press, 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. **Two Dollars a Year**

American troops, consisting mainly of marines, entered into mortal combat with the best of the German troops. Guns ripped the life out of the trees and mowed down row after row of men. In the midst of the maddening noise others advanced, bayonets fixed, to the charge. They were young men. For the most part they were educated young men. They had no hatred for anyone. Trained in football they had grown up with the belief that war would be a game of football. But in the reality of battle they tore at each other's throats. They dashed steel into each other's stomachs. They cursed and screamed and yelled in frenzy. After hours had passed, the battle ceased and the noise subsided. The stretcher-bearers walked among the dead, counted them, carried them down the hillside and placed them in the ground. Tender hands covered the blood and filth with clean earth and erected white crosses. Out of the hell of battle the dead came to lie in "Fame's serene abode."

HEROIC, BUT USELESS DEATH

One's mind does not stop with these boys at Belleau Wood cemetery. They represent the boys of this land and every land, ten million murdered men, lying somewhere under the sod. They were young men, able to do men's work constructively in a growing world but forced to die—heroically, yes, but we greatly fear, uselessly. They,

> Struck by the envious wrath of man,
> Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime.

But some yet live and tread a thorny road. I speak for them. Actual service in the great war does not by any means guarantee wisdom. But few will question the right of those who saw the fire, were blinded by the smoke and smelt the burning flesh of their comrades, to lead men's thinking to the ends of peace. I served twenty-one months in the American artillery with service in the United States, France and Germany. I understand the psychology of war. I know the inside horror of war. I have a right to speak. I am but one of a large group who, hating war and realizing its vast futility, will cry out against its return and will work against it.

It is a heavy price that we pay. It is a thorny road through pain and toil. The world of men is not yet geared to our emphasis. It is only a short distance for the masses from the running of free feet to the close lockstep of the army, from the freedom of civilian life to the mass action of the soldier. The faint beating of drums sounds constantly in the ears of the multitude. And one who travels the new road to peace does so amid jeers and taunts. It is almost unbelievable the lengths to which the military minded, though they would be the last to so designate themselves, will go in crushing the souls of those who say that war is "out."

> And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
> Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

Now exactly what are we saying, what are we trying to do? Our objectives are so little understood. Our words are misquoted. Our motives are under suspicion. We are not communists as many charge, nor perhaps even socialists. We are simply trying to prevent catastrophe and, in order to do that, we urge certain definite logical steps.

First. Certain ideas generally held to be beyond challenge by the world at large must be changed by re-education and reiteration. For example, the idea that preparedness in arms is a guarantee of either peace or victory must be changed. Recently a writer for one of our so-called patriotic organizations in discussing Army day made the statement: "Maintenance of an adequate national defense as the best insurance against foreign entanglements, is being advocated by our organization in accordance with the demands of the United States army and navy." Does he not know that there is no such thing as adequate national defense? No nation was ever more thoroughly equipped for war than was Germany in 1914. Yet her peace was broken and four years later Germany was beaten to a point of starving desperation. Preparedness in arms will not keep the peace. The idea is ridiculous in logic and disproved by historical fact. So we are forced to conclude that preparedness for war leads to war, and war settles nothing. We seek the endorsement of men to the thesis that good will aided by peace machinery is our hope for peace.

Second. We must have a new interpretation of national honor. In former years duels were fought out of pride and in the name of personal honor. A smack across the cheek, following some trivial remark by an acquaintance or friend, often led to a silly combat at dawn. Thus Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton to defend his personal honor. That practice is a thing of the past. We can scarcely think now of men so conducting themselves. It is high time for some such change to come in our understanding of national honor. Must we enter into combat with a nation because of the foolish act of some individual? Must we enter into combat with a nation because a fellow countryman meets by chance some personal harm? The time has come for individuals to travel in foreign countries at their own risk. Furthermore, the time has come for business to stand upon its own feet in its operations around the world. The navy used to follow business. That idea is to become as outworn as the idea of defending individual honor in a duel.

"NATIONAL HONOR"

The Japanese exclusion act was passed a few years ago by a congress that broke a record for folly. Certain groups living in fear of Japan seized upon an unfortunate word in a diplomatic note to urge upon congress an act forbidding the entrance of Japanese into this country. The quota rate applied to Japan would have permitted less than two hundred Japanese to enter each year. But hot-heads discriminated against Japan by excluding all further immigration to this country. The Japanese people, who had only recently rejoiced in the gift of a large sum of money for earthquake relief from the United States, were stung to bitterness. Love turned to hatred and America, instead of being a big brother, became the suspicious neighbor across the sea. National honor should include respect and trust for other nations to the extent at least of carrying on lengthy diplomatic negotiations over any single misunderstanding not only for purposes of clarification but to give the healing processes of time a chance to become effective.

Third. We must insist that our government spend more money in the pursuit of peace and less in the pursuit of war. What shocking news is this—a billion dollars for immediate use on our army and navy! The largest single appropriation of money ever made in peacetime for our fighting material. We, who fought a war to end war, are now—so soon—building the strongest fighting force in our history. In contrast look at our expenditure for peace—look at it if the dwarfed figure is discernible to the naked eye. Nay, we must use a magnifying glass. For every one hundred dollars spent for armament we spend thirty-eight cents for our state department. For every one hundred dollars spent

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for armament in either Great Britain, Germany, Italy or France something between one and eight dollars is spent for the state department. If the proportion is out of balance for any one of them, the proportion is ridiculous for the United States. It is a crying shame that the jingoist and the nationalist can so easily dictate our policy with their strident tones and bombastic utterances. Their vociferousness and brawn cow us. The crowd echoes their words and we too often keep a respectable, polite silence. If we are really sincere why can we not clamor for a governmental department of peace that will lead us in the paths of peace rather than in the direction of war?

Fourth, and more important than any step yet mentioned: we must begin to make some financial sacrifice for peace. One of the leading business men of this country made this statement at Williamstown in the summer of 1931: "Everyone knows now that America did not enter the war to save the world for democracy. Everyone knows now that America entered the war to save American money invested in Europe." During the four years since that statement was made there has not been, to my knowledge, a single effort to contradict it. Perhaps we did save American money, but it was only for a moment. The depression came and wiped it out, with millions more. Hereafter, if we want peace we must not only refrain from protecting our investments abroad—we must sacrifice still further. We must be ready to give up some of the advantages of our foreign trade. If investments are made abroad it should be with the promise to ourselves that we will not permit them to embarrass our government. If we have extraterritorial rights in any foreign country we should be willing to relinquish them just as soon as there is evidence that they may contribute to international friction. Moreover, if any other nation threatens the peace of the world we should at once refuse the belligerent all help in financing war. We should permit no belligerent to float loans in this country. It is our love for possessions that brings trouble. The insight of Jesus never failed: "the love of money is the root of all evil." We have become rather proficient in making simple personal sacrifices for those we love or the city in which we dwell. It is now time for us to learn to make personal sacrifices in a larger way with our attention upon the needs of the world.

PERSONAL RENOUNCEMENT OF WAR

Fifth. I am inclined to the belief that we must have a more general individual renunciation of war. It is now understood that England might have been at war several times during the past few years but for the known attitude of its youth and its working classes: their refusal to fight. A leading business man in England, the head of a large automobile concern, said to me five years ago: "I took part in the great war as a patriotic duty. I sought never to embarrass my government. But since the war I have had nothing but embarrassment. I cannot make any money because of the excessive burden of taxation. I am infinitely worse off than before the war. If another war should come I would not turn my hand. The government may do what it will. The enemy may come and take my property. Things could not be worse. War does no good. I am through." All over America there are ministers and laymen who have taken that stand. War is futile. War is unchristian. War destroys moral fiber. War brings nothing but misery after misery. Realizing this, men have made pledges not to participate in war. Some of these pledges will be but scraps of paper should another war come, but not all of them: we have every reason to believe that most of the opponents of another war on the part of the United States, whether it be to save money in Europe or to save national honor in Japan, will stand by their pledges come what may. It is that renunciation of war that is our final insistence.

These are some of the things we say. These are the attitudes we are trying to bring about. For this we are ridiculed and scorned. For this is our road made hard. It would be easy and pleasant to step out of the road.

What is there to hold us together, to urge us on in our determined effort to change some of the ideas underlying war, to reinterpret national honor, to increase the national budget for peace, to sacrifice material com-

forts for peace and to renounce war? The answer lies in our memories—in our driving memories. One of the grandest verses in the Psalms is that spoken by an exile in Babylon. He was far from his loved Jerusalem, sitting in despair on the bank of a river, looking every inch disconsolate. A native made sport of him and called: "Sing us a song—sing us a song of Zion." The exile looked toward Jerusalem and cried: "How can I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Then all the determination of a lifetime seemed to course anew through his veins. He rose to his full stature and cried: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning." If memories of joy can thus strengthen, so may memories of grief drive us forward no matter what the toil and pain.

OUR DRIVING MEMORIES

The realization of our shameful surrender to propaganda carried on during the great war is a driving memory. We were led to hate Germany. She was the country that "raped women and tied prisoners to artillery wheels." Lies fed our hatred. When we drilled with the bayonet we were told to curse the raping Hun as we lunged toward the sack of sand. I, even I, after this drill, arrived in France, rode on the train through her fair fields, saw German prisoners working the hay and, still boiling with hatred aroused by propaganda, raised my fist and shouted: "We'll get you, you Hun!" What a shameful memory! The whole battery of organized, lying propaganda—and I succumbed! This memory drives me and others like me into a frenzy unless we let it drive us into action.

The harrowing memory of needless pain drives us on. At Montigny, a village in France, where we were located for a time, an elderly bearded Frenchman was frequently seen with his two golden-haired grandchildren. They were always pathetically present when the town crier came each day at noon to read before the assembled villagers the news of the day with particular emphasis upon the list of the missing. It was common knowledge that the mother of the little girls was dead. The father was at the front. The uncles, two of them, had been killed. The three—the old man and the two granddaughters—waited daily for the news of the ending of the war with an anxious longing for the return of the father and son. One day the three sat on a doorstep while the town crier read in his rapid and mechanical way. Suddenly the three heads bowed in shaking, silent anguish. The father had been killed and the three were left to wander alone in the direction of an empty universe. One cannot forget that memory.

We are driven forward on this thorny road by the memory of those who have lost the "kindly light of reason" as a result of the war. It was in a railroad depot in Camden, New Jersey, in August, 1919. I was standing with three other American officers waiting for the train that would carry me home. A woman came through the gate looking distractedly here and there. She was a beautiful woman, but closer examination showed lines of mental overstrain. With eyes staring she came to one of our company and looking wildly into his eyes, cried: "Are you my son?" Not satisfied she turned to another and gazing at him she asked the same question: "Are you my son?" Still not satisfied she turned to the third and asked the question once more. Finally she came to me. I must have, in some way, resembled her son; for she studied me a long time, then put her hands on my shoulder and cried: "Are *you* my son?" When no assurance came, she ran from me in despair, calling as she went, "No, my son's dead—my son's dead—my son's dead." Her heartbroken cry faded away in the distance and I and my comrades stood transfixed. The station attendant said she was a regular visitor and the experience was often repeated with other returned soldiers. But the station attendant also said that her son had been killed at Belleau Wood. Her cry still sounds in my heart. Do you wonder that I am driven by memories into the paths of peace?

There is one more driving memory. One month ago a young man visited me in my study. I had never seen him before. He had never seen me. He was out of work, discouraged about life, wanting to be "set straight." A job would help set him straight but no job was available. A meeting with his wife would help set him straight, but his wife was in a distant city. The love of human beings would help set him straight, but human beings had kicked him about from pillar to post and he loathed them all. I tried to set him straight but the only comfort I could offer him was the reminder that he is not alone, that his cruel economic situation is the result of the war during which we threw billions of dollars in a hole. This young man represents the millions of men driven to the brink of spiritual ruin. He was neither a weakling, nor a hoax, but he sobbed bitterly there before me with his head on my desk. His anguish is in my memory, driving me and others into daring the ways of peace.

RELIGION AND WAR

But driving memories are not always to be trusted. They may drive us into folly. Our courage is maintained, our vision is clarified and corrected by our religion. John Dewey in "A Common Faith" says: "Any activity pursued in behalf of an ideal end against obstacles and in spite of threats of personal loss because of conviction of its general and enduring value is religious in quality." So this quest of ours is essentially religious. Yes, it is religious in an even higher sense than John Dewey's definition allows, for our objective is bound up in the heart of the Eternal as revealed in the concrete person of Jesus whose life was peace. The religion of Jesus furnishes us a standard and a motive.

Our road is thorny. There is pain and toil. But we do not seek the martyr's crown or revel in our tribulation. The journey is full of joy—joy when great results are obtained and joy in the effort toward attainment. "Calvalcade" is the greatest moving picture play of our day. Do you remember the scene when line after line of soldiers passed a turn in the road where a crucifix towered above? The men marched while shot fell, fell on them and on the crucifix. As the day wore on the crucifix was beaten to the earth. Thus the Christ has been wounded by the evil conduct of men. He has needed them but they serve another. We labor to lift him up. Our loyalty to him carries us on. In his service is the road made bright. In his service is peace and joy.

The Dream of America

By Ferdinand M. Isserman

WHAT is the American dream? What the American ideal? First: The American dream is that of a nation in which men of all religions, creeds, denominations live in peace and harmony and work together for the common good. When George Washington was inaugurated as the first President of the United States, ministers of fifteen denominations participated in the ceremonies. Among them was the first American-born rabbi, an ancestor of Supreme Court Justice Cardozo. In the American constitution was written the clause guaranteeing the right of every man to worship God in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience. This does not mean merely the technical right to have one's own form of religious services. It means the creation of such an atmosphere that religious hatred and bigotry, religious prejudices and suspicions will be unknown.

There is no true freedom of religion when classes of citizens must constantly struggle against the ill will of some of their countrymen merely because their approach to the Almighty is different. The American spirit would command an appreciation of religious differences, a sympathetic understanding of those whose religious formulae do not coincide with our own. In the history of our nation these hatreds, when they have appeared, have invariably been conquered. In the great cooperative tasks we have known no distinction of religion or creed. In all the wars of our nation, Jews, Catholics and Protestants stood side by side, comrades in the ranks and comrades in death. I saw in the cemetery in Belleau Wood, Jews and Christians, Catholics and Protestants sleeping together, and in the barracks of the training camps all over this nation, Jews, Catholics and Protestants lived in amity, drilled together, were prepared to sacrifice together.

BROTHERHOOD IN BATTLE

On the scene of battle, it is said, as a Catholic youth lay dying, a rabbinical chaplain came up to him and said, "My boy, let me administer the last rites to you." The dying lad looked up and saw the insignia on the chaplain's collar, and said: "Why do you remain here where the bombs are bursting to minister unto me? I do not belong to your church." The rabbi answered: "You do not belong to my church, but you do belong to my God and to my country." That is the spirit of America, and because of that spirit, throughout the length and breadth of this land, men of all religions are working together in political parties, in industrial enterprises, in philanthropic activities, in all the common tasks of good citizenship. This spirit of true religious freedom is characteristic of America and represents one of the main ingredients in its dream.

In these days of crisis and of suffering, there are spineless, characterless sneaks who are endeavoring to pour into the wounds of our people the brine of religious dissension and of religious bigotry. Wherever they be, these ghouls, these vultures, these carrion birds are traitors to American democracy, and foes of our nation. They desecrate the memory of our noble dead and they besmirch the fair name of our tradition. Unmask them! Expose them! Disrobe them! Let not our nation become the heir of the spiritual diseases which have torn Europe asunder. Let it retain the vision of Washington, the vision of the constitution, the vision of the great prophets of religion. "Have we not all one Father? Has not one God created us all?"

AN INTERNATIONAL NATION

The second element in the American dream has been internationalism. From all nations of the world, from all classes of society, from all walks of life, from all races, did the immigrants come who built America. Most of them were poor, underprivileged, the victims of persecution and oppression. They fled from European tyranny. They fled from feudalism which crushed them. They fled from intolerance, fanaticism and hatred. They fled from poverty, from slums and filth. They fled from rivalries and animosities. They came here to build a nation for all the peoples of the world. They came with their many dreams, their persevering ambitions, their lofty hopes. The aristocracy of Europe laughed at what they called a mongrel nation. They were certain that such a nation, founded by what they called inferior peoples, would at best have a pitiable existence. History has confounded their theories. Out of the contributions of these people of all nations and of races has come the most powerful nation in human history. America has demonstrated the myths behind all theories of racial superiority, the hollowness of all caste systems, the falseness of all aristocracies based on birth. We are the children of the despised and of the underprivileged. We are the descendants of the oppressed of all the nations. Yet we have demonstrated the beauty and the dignity in man, and together we have proved that God has planted his talents and his capacities in members of all peoples. Against those fanatical racial scientists who seek to prove that the bloodstream of one group of people is superior to that of all others stands the proof of the great American nation, achieving its heights through the cooperative effort of the untouchables of Europe. Thus, we are truly an international nation.

Internationalism is essential today if civilization is to survive. What a paradox that when the airplane and the radio have made neighbors of men in the remotest places of the world, a spirit of narrow nationalism arises to arrest the march of history, and to impede the inevitable! If the narrow nationalism now regnant in Germany and in Italy were to sweep the world, western civilization could not endure. War is the inevitable concomitant of a spirit of narrow nationalism, and calamitous and devastating is the prospect of the next war. If it is permitted to occur little will remain of European civilization. Overnight its great cities will be destroyed; its peoples blown to smithereens by new explosives, or consumed by poisonous gasses. What folly, what madness are these insane preparations for the next conflict! Why should men and women hate one another? We are all members of the human family.

PROPHETS OF HUMANITY

The prophets of Israel, Jesus of Nazareth, Confucius and Buddha, Zoroaster and the Hindu sages have emphasized the internationalism of humanity, the brother-

hood of man. Why then in the name of heaven must we spend, in times of depression and suffering, billions and billions upon the weapons of destruction so that the cemeteries of humanity can be filled, the toll of dead rise, the number of widows increase? Why cannot the world learn the lesson of internationalism from America? Forty-eight states and hundreds of different people here live and work together in harmony and in cooperation. The international spirit, part of the soul of America, must become part of the soul of civilization if mankind is to endure.

Another element in the American dream is democracy. Democracy was an ideal conceived by the Hebrew prophets, built into a political philosophy by the thinkers of the French revolution, and developed into a government by the United States of America. When it was first established, European royalties sneered and jeered. The republic prospered and the crowns rolled from the heads of kings. America made the dissemination of democracy its mission. It seemed about to be realized when lo! in Italy and in Germany tyrants have arisen who have destroyed liberty and freedom. What is a dictator but one who has resurrected the old doctrine of the divine right of kings, and dressed it in modern attire? German political philosophers state that democracy is a superstition which ought to be discarded, that men are not fit to rule themselves, and that they must have miraculously appointed leaders. As the result of the triumph of fascism in Italy and naziism in Germany, tyranny has become more fashionable, and everywhere weak and timid souls who have no faith in the masses of peoples are flirting with despotism.

THE IDEAL OF DEMOCRACY

Let us not be misled by the benevolent sheen of dictators, by their "colored shirts" and their marching men. Although the law of kindness is on their lips, the law of iron is in their souls. Although demagogues may paint in glorious hues the paradise their tyranny can establish, Americans will never forget the history of human despotism. What did tyrants do for men? Did they help them? Did they make sacrifices for them? Did they make life better for them? A thundering *no* is the verdict of the past. Cruelly, brutally, harshly have they dealt with human beings. They have exploited them. They have drunk their life blood. They have enslaved them and their children. The path of hope for greater freedom is not the path of tyranny. Who desires dictatorships? Only those who seek to destroy liberty so that the suffering masses, deprived of their freedom, shorn of their power, will be gagged impotent and powerless, unable to voice their grievances and to demand redress and to secure it. That is the story of fascism in Italy and naziism in Germany. The destruction of liberty has been sought by the exploiting powers who have utilized the tyrant to enforce their ignoble ends. Americans are not only too clever to fall into the trap set by the exploiters, but Americans love democracy because it is part of the soul of the republic. Democracy will ever remain a pillar of our nation.

The fourth element in the American dream is a classless nation. For a while, we believed that we had developed it. Now we recognize the great danger of developing classes in American society. As a result of the maldistribution of wealth, we are beginning to have in America a small fraction of the people living in luxury while the masses of Americans suffer and toil to make their luxuries possible. We must end this incipient caste system. It is foreign to American soil, alien to the American soul. Every individual in our nation has a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That right is jeopardized when the wealth of our nation is unjustly distributed. We need not continue having some live in luxury and others in poverty. We need not continue to have millions unemployed and hopeless. We can develop a just economic order in this country.

In Europe there are two schools of thought. One

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holds that the privileges of the few must be maintained, and liberty must be destroyed among the masses. This school of thought may be called fascism. Another school of thought urges revolution, accompanied by violence and bloodshed, in order to destroy the privileges of the few and to bulwark the privileges of the many. That is communism. Between these two extremes stands the United States today. The United States can demonstrate to the world that in a democracy the transition from a society based on rugged individualism to a society based on cooperation can be made through peaceful methods. The ballot, the exercise of the franchise, is the weapon with which Americans can establish economic democracy. Just as we have proved to Europe that free men can build a great nation, so may we demonstrate now that in a free republic economic injustice can be overcome, not through violent revolution nor through oppressive tyranny, but through the cooperative will of the masses of men, expressing itself in orderly fashion through the vehicles of representative government. The

injustices of America we can remedy if only we use the privileges of liberty and the opportunities of republican government.

These then are the elements in the American dream. A land free from religious bigotry and intolerance, where men suffer no handicaps and can worship God in accordance with their conscience. A nation born out of many nations, international in its origin and in its sympathies, cooperating with all the peoples of the world for peace and human welfare. A nation based on liberty and freedom, scorning philosophies of tyranny and dictatorship. A nation utilizing its freedom to build a cooperative society. To live in such a nation is the greatest privilege. Americans, cling to the American dream!

Some have said that ours is a lost generation because destiny placed us in this era of transition. A generation that suffers for a noble cause is not lost. It enriches history. Our generation will be lost spiritually and damned eternally, if it abandons the American dream. But if it preserves it for posterity, then its suffering will become a crown of glory, and it will rank in history with those civilized forces which have elevated the level of human life, and thus exalted the dignity of man, and proclaimed the glory of God.

A Christian's Liberty

By Alvin B. Gurley

. . . the glorious liberty of the children of God. Romans 8:21b.

THERE is much discussion now, and likely to be more, about the danger to individual liberty in the program of the federal government. We do well to recall a sentence from the concluding paragraph of John Stuart Mill's famous essay on "Liberty," written in 1858: "A government cannot have too much of the kind of activity which does not impede, but aids and stimulates individual exertion and development. The mischief begins when, instead of calling forth the activity and powers of individuals and bodies, it substitutes its own activities for theirs; when instead of informing, advising, and upon occasion denouncing, it makes them work in fetters or bids them stand aside and does their work instead of them." Is America working for her own recovery or standing aside to let Uncle Sam do it?

Whatever may be the answer to that question, there is another that strikes deeper into the needs of the times. Are modern men fit to be free? There is a good deal of evidence that they are not. An individual who takes a shotgun, aims it at a young headmaster seated in his study, and empties the contents into his body is, of course, not fit to be at large. He is incapable of self-government and dangerous to society. But what of men who plan and execute action that destroys the flower of the manhood of the nations, removing by horrible torture the people who would be the most valuable as leaders in solving the problems of a physically united world? Are such men fit to be free? George Bernard Shaw apparently believes they are not, and in his play, "Back to Methuselah," suggests the reason. The span of life, he says, is too short. Men just begin to get a little sense when they die. The only way out is, by some strange act of the will practiced for ages, to extend the stretch of life to three hundred years. By that time we would be fit to govern ourselves.

ABSOLUTE FREEDOM NONEXISTENT

However, if civilized life is to continue, we must find a more practical way to self-governing power. Jesus shows the way. It is inherent in his life and teaching. According to Jesus' example, only Christian men are fit to be free. One of the amazing facts of history is the terrible toll men have piled up in human sacrifice by desperate efforts to obtain or maintain political liberty, without ever troubling to inquire whether those who are fighting for freedom are fit for it. Woodrow Wilson would have rendered a greater service had he reminded his disciples that Christian character is essential for the problems that come with freedom. Freedom is not only a privilege; it is a responsibility.

What, then, are the characteristics of Christian freedom? They may be learned from a study of Jesus Christ.

First of all, Jesus recognized that absolute freedom does not exist, and cannot. He knew this from the history of the race of which he was a member. The Israelites under Moses threw off the Egyptian yoke, escaped into the wilderness, and after forty years of wandering, finally reached the Promised Land. But the freedom they won was limited. Moses came down from Mt. Sinai, amid flashing lightning and the crash of thunder, with a new set of regulations—the Ten Commandments. Innumerable rules of behavior were added to these. The yoke of Egypt gave way to the codes of Moses. It was a different kind of curb on personal and national liberty, but it was a curb all the same. Those who are praying for some Moses to lead us out of the wilderness of depression would do well to remember that Moses was the pioneer regimenter. It is not really Moses whom wanderers in the wilderness today want, but Aaron, who was not so strict a disciplinarian. But Jehovah did not approve of Aaron.

THE FIRST GREAT HERETIC

What history taught, the experience of Jesus confirmed. As a boy he wanted to stay in the temple, in the midst of the doctors, "hearing them and asking them questions." But his parents interrupted and took him back to Nazareth. Jesus' personal liberty was limited by parental authority, and by the authority of the government, church and state. The Jewish Sanhedrin would not permit him to continue as a teacher. He was too liberal, particularly in his attitude toward the Sabbath. Members of the Sanhedrin doubtless took the initiative in having Jesus taken into custody. He was the first great heretic, and to the Jewish fundamentalists a dangerous enemy of the faith of their fathers. His liberty was limited also by the state. Rome could not afford to trifle with a red radical who was stirring up strife in an important colony of the empire. With the Sanhedrin the government agreed—the surest way out was death. The result was the crucifixion. Was there

ever a man whose liberties were more seriously and unjustly thwarted? Jesus knew that absolute freedom is nonexistent, and that—human nature being what it is—those liberties to which a man is justly entitled may be curtailed.

Some limitation of liberty is naturally necessary and desirable. "No human being," says Ruskin, "however great or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. There is always something that he must or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he likes. All the kingdoms of the world put together are not half so large as the sea, and all the railroads and wheels that ever were, or will be invented, are not so easy as fins." Yet the fish has to remember the bigger fish, and there is the hook and line. God has limited the freedom of all his creatures with that inescapable restriction called death. Yet, for the Christian, this is but the door to a larger liberty. He welcomes the restraints that keep one man from injuring another.

THE FREEDOM OF CHRISTIAN MEN

There is no absolute freedom, but there is a freedom which can be exercised with great benefit to humanity, whatever governments or churches may or may not decide to do. This freedom is Christian liberty. It belongs to Christian men. Nothing can take it from them, and only the spirit of Christ can give it to them. Jesus was put to death by a blind combination of ecclesiastical and political wisdom, but even these could not touch certain great liberties that were his. What were the liberties that remained after the enemies of personal liberty had done their worst?

Jesus was free to select the universal and eternal in human life, and to ally himself with these factors. Once, the author of the Gospel of Mark tells us, James and John came to him with the modest request that they be permitted to sit by his side in his glory. Of course they considered themselves quite fit for it, and the picture of themselves sitting there in heavenly glory for all the world to admire was appealing. Jesus, seeing the fleeting nature of all self-importance and worldly admiration, told them that if they would be really great they should become the servants of all. He saw the eternal principle in human life and identified himself with that. And he also saw the universal. He was not a slave to Jewish national prejudice. The kingdom of God was meant for gentiles as well, including the despised Samaritans. It would be difficult to conceive anything farther from the thought of God as revealed in Jesus Christ than the petty, narrow nationalism which now deceives the nations. Jesus was free to see the eternal and the universal in human life, and to affiliate himself with these elements. Professor Hocking, to whom I owe the suggestion of this thought, has called this discernment the art of life. "The art of life is to discern what is universal in human institutions and to ally ourselves with that."

FREEDOM, WITH POVERTY

And the Master of men remained free to make his passions his servants. "He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." He knew the appeal of indulgence: "Command that these stones be made bread." From the pinnacle of the temple he heard the voice of self-display: "Cast thyself down." He was tempted by the lust for power: "The kingdoms of the world and the glory of them . . . all these will I give thee." But Jesus kept himself free from domination by any lower passion. Human desires were his servants, not his masters. This victory is still the fruit of his spirit.

Again, he was free to turn material poverty into spiritual wealth. All the world is poorer now. To many, the diminution of wealth is the unpardonable sin of the depression. Others feel that, since their lifelong savings are gone, life has not much left. We should

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remember that "the Son of Man had not where to lay his head." Without any material resources whatever, or the power they give, Jesus made more of the trust of human life than any other, solely by what he gave to life, not what he received from it. This philosophy, plus the strength he had from God, was the source of his freedom to make of life a great and noble calling, even when the worst happened to him personally. For Jesus, liberty was not so much something to be won; God had given it to him, but it was to be used for the larger life of others. A Christian's liberty is more concerned with duties than with rights.

The Christian is quite free, as Jesus was, to make the child the center of the human picture. Life for the Master was not the political scramble and gamble it is for the misguided sons of the times. The child was the center of it. The test of life was not whether the synagogues were getting more members, or the R.C.E.P. (Roman Colonial Empire Plan) succeeding, but whether life was being made fit for little children, for "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Jesus was free to think of

life as ideally organized for the child's spirit of faith, hope and love, and to live as though it were. We should notice that he said: "Suffer" (permit, not compel) "little children to come unto me." Even children have personalities deserving respect. There is no surer way to permit them to come into their Christian heritage than to set the example. This we are free to do.

SPIRITUAL IDEALISM

Jesus was free to make advances in spiritual idealism beyond those prevailing in his time. "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." That was bringing it home. The Pharisees considered themselves, and were probably generally considered, the religious leaders of the period. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you that ye resist not evil . . ." The peasant woman of Samaria reminded Jesus as he talked with her by the side of the well that the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. But he, a Jew, selected a Samaritan as the hero of the story which all the world knows symbolizes the spirit of his teachings. The Sanhedrin and the Roman government were strong in Palestine. Yet Jesus was free to advance beyond the existing spiritual ideals. He favored neither prohibitions nor license. Yet he was far more than an apostle of the "golden mean." His gospel avoids both the Scylla of Jewish legalism and the Charybdis of Roman license. It steers the deep channels of Christian liberty. The Christian is free for new spiritual discovery. God help us to see it!

We have only started on the journey to the goal of our Christian ideals. We have partly, and not yet fairly, distributed the stores of the earth. Some are still hungry while others surfeit. We have given the right to work to a majority of our citizens. A minority are the victims of unemployment. We have a good measure of political liberty, but too few Christian free men. We have the beginnings of international cooperation and faint stirrings of desire for more. We are free to fan the embers of our ideals to flaming torches. To change the figure, we may help these acorns of spiritual achievement to become oaks.

TRUST GOD, AND ADVANCE

The age of physical pioneering in this country is over. Timber has been cut, the land ploughed, crops sown, industry created. But the period of spiritual pioneering is ahead. The land of the spirit is not cleared; only the seeds of a loftier idealism are partially sown. The means of advance may be inadequate. What of that? Our fathers had to use covered wagons and horses. There are dangers in pressing forward; storms to endure, enemies to subdue, death to meet. Why should we hesitate and fear? Our fathers did not; they were building a greater structure than they dreamed. With the unopened country of idealism just before us, and freedom to press into it, is it a time to sit idly in our tents, pitched in the barren part-way country? For the Christian it is the hour to strike tents, trust God and advance!

This is the Christian's liberty. Jesus proved it greater than crucifixion and death. It is "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

Wanted: A Sense Of Sure Direction

By Allan A. Hunter

If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine. . . . John 7:17.

IF one were to sum up the mood of this day in five or six words and proclaim it in neon lights, would it not be something like this—"Wanted: A Sense of Sure Direction"?

Certainly ours is a distracted day. America's most sophisticated philosopher points out that when you have lost your bearings and are in doubt as to where you are headed, then you frantically redouble your efforts. Our most famous woodsman several generations ago warned against improved means toward unimproved ends. With a vengeance we now have the means, the machines, streamlined or freewheeling. But have we a clear idea as to where they are taking us? Our age knows not where it is going, so it steps on the gas. Much of our activity is less a demonstration of power than a confession of bewilderment. My generation was all dressed up and sent to the trenches, to hell. This generation is all dressed up—and no place to go, no job, no clean-cut destiny. Recent college graduates are now self-pityingly referring to themselves as "an unwanted group." Even mature men and women who do not have to wear out good shoe-leather vainly looking for work, are sometimes haunted by the sense of being off the main highway. It is a good rugged word the old theologians used, a word that all too aptly applies to the whole lot of us: we are a "lost" generation. And what we crave is the assurance of going in the right direction.

FOLLOWING THE WHITE LINE

How can perplexed and tired travelers find the right direction? That is what we desperately want to know. Well, that is one of the great functions of Jesus, to show us. "If any man willeth to do his will," says the Master Trail-Blazer, "he shall know of the doctrine."

That law is not easy to formulate but in our own modern terms we can try: If with all of yourself, you live up to what deep down you are already convinced is *best,* you will find out what it is all about. Awaiting you is a course of conduct that leads to the highest, most satisfying life. You do not see all of it. You do not need to. But for a few yards ahead you can glimpse enough of the road to proceed. As you go ahead, you will recognize God's purpose unfolding as you follow without reservation the light, the sense of right, you have.

Your life's journey and mine is an all-night motor drive. The road maps, the creeds drawn up by others have good advice to offer, but they can help us little while our hand is at the wheel. All we really have to go by at the time is a few yards ahead of none too clearly lighted road, with a narrow white line marking the center of that road. If we can keep true to that line, that sign and symbol of what is best, we will probably avoid collisions on the left and the ditch on our right; we will be neither too radical nor too reactionary. On

a pleasure jaunt back where the arc lights glitter, we do not look for that white line. But out here on the highway, with many a hill and turn between us and our destination, that reassuring white line steadies us as nothing else seems able to do.

Although it is here, placed upon the road by unseen hands, there are moments when our eyes miss it, and we have to take it on faith.

Sometimes oncoming headlights from a direction other than ours appear on the horizon, to bear mercilessly down upon us. The dazzle of those opposing headlights is the unthinking emotionalism of the herd. A long way off, the glare seems insignificant. You say to yourself: "I will keep my eyes fixed on that white line of God's will, no matter how bright those opposing headlights may be. If, for example, the stampede bellows 'Hate the enemy!' I will continue to drive true to Jesus' command 'Love your enemy!'" But before you know it, the hypnotic brightness of the mass-mind is almost directly upon you. The white line? You can't locate it any more. And now, in front of you, nothing but a terribly bright bewildering blurr. Unless you have taken your bearings and steered according to the right direction long before the dazzling insanity of the herd is upon you, you too will lose your head. "I'll wait till the issue is at hand," declares the sentimentalist, "then I'll decide whether to go to war or not." O no, you won't. If you wait till the band begins, it won't be *you* that will do the deciding; it will be the herd, the hysteria of blinding nationalism, that will do the deciding for you. Unless, day by day, you live up to the light and the challenge of specific situations, you may suddenly lose your capacity to steer straight when the big crisis comes.

WE ARE PERSONS!

What is it that keeps rich men getting richer and poor men getting poorer? Is it just the Insulls and Mellons and the sixty or so other manipulators of dividends whom ex-Ambassador Gerard listed as the group who are economically if not politically running this country? That explanation is too speciously simple. It is also our own unsublimated gregariousness, the impulse that makes us huddle as close as we can to the center of the herd and chant as do a thousand other monotone voices, "This is best: everybody's doing it." We stand in breadlines or have our homes mortgaged away from us in part because we are so fatuously imitative. As a pastor said of his congregation, "What worries me is not the rapacity of the wolves, but the sheepishness of the sheep." If you and I were less eager to appear in wolf's clothing we might have more chance of keeping the wolf away from our door. Yes, we too want to be seen in Rolls-Royces just like Mr. Insull; we too want people to read our names among those who were invited to Mr. Mellon's summer home. It is as if we take pride in being gullible, as though it gave us mystic joy to assemble before our newspaper editors and bleat in unison: "We are the sheep of your pasture. We beg of you to shear the wool off our backs and pull it over our eyes."

Now, you and I are persons. We realize our relationship with the divine to the degree that when it comes to our destiny we do the choosing. Does the right, the best course lead to the cross? Very well, answered Jesus, "No man taketh it from me; I lay down my life of my own accord." When the headlights of mob emotion come so close that for the moment you, O Christian traveler, are almost bewitched and almost lose control, remember this: although the eye of your soul may seem helpless, you can hold to your direction; you can keep your hand on the wheel; and soon the power of those headlights will pass. If you do hang on, trusting where you cannot trace the substance of things unseen, you will be sharing the course with Abraham, who went out not knowing whither he went, and with Moses, enduring as seeing the invisible. When you follow the white line on the road ahead without seeing it, in defiance of the world's confusing dazzle, you are in the supreme tradition of men headed toward the city that hath fixed foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

THE OBSESSION OF SELFISHNESS

It is a surer sense of direction that we in our economic world must learn if we are to emerge out of the present mess. Quite possibly we can't even survive if each of us continues to put first his own passion to own things and the needs of the family of God second. Whether we cry with George Albert Coe, "My country is my undernourished fellow-countrymen," or with John Haynes Holmes, "My country is a segment, especially dear, but only a segment of mankind," the time has come for us to develop a love of country that is above a love of dividends. If the reactionary gets his hand on the wheel we will skid into the fence. You know that diehard creed of his: "I am ready to sacrifice the red-blooded young men of my country for the sake of Du Pont Powder preferred stock or Bethlehem Steel common stock, class B, but only over my dead body will the government get a cent of my income in behalf of unemployment insurance or old age pensions. I am willing to put an act of congress sanctioning the gassing and bombing of children above the will of God forbidding war, but I protest against a child labor amendment to the constitution of the United States." Why can't he see? He cannot see because like the rest of us he is self-indulgent.

We are all pretty much like the Brownie of Evelyn Underhill's tale. He was an earnest little Brownie, earnest about trivial things but rather absent-minded about the essential thing. Hectically and passionately he would run about with his tiny wheelbarrow picking up slugs and snails and scraps of paper. He had a small green blanket, more precious to him than his integrity or the demands of honesty. This treasured possession he had picked up one day on the road through the forest. The queen of the fairies had evidently been out riding that morning and had lost it out of her carriage. But the Brownie didn't return the small green blanket. It was too comfortable. In fact, ever since taking it home he had got into the habit of sleeping late. That was too bad, for the King of All the World, who made all things new, used to ride by just as the dew began to sparkle with the rising sun, and the Brownie never woke up in time to see him. One day a shepherd who knew the forest people, and what was in their mind, looked deep into the Brownie's unhappy eyes:

"You have never seen the King of All the World, have you?" "No," grudgingly admitted the Brownie, "I haven't been able to manage it." "Well," said the shepherd, "somehow I see something away back there in your soul, something that looks very much like a blanket."

The trouble with our headlights is often a small green interfering blanket. That is why the difference between right and wrong seems sometimes so confusing.

PAYING THE PRICE OF COURAGE

But there are times when it is not the impulse that obscures the white line in the road ahead, or even the always insistent "I" impulse, but a fog, unaccountable and all-pervading. At such times you turn on the wind-

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shield wiper; that is, you pray, you get your vision as clear as you can from the intervening mist. Then with all the will you can muster you go forward. The girl who flew across the Atlantic, and later married a publisher whom she encouraged to bring out a book exposing with unforgettable pictures what war does to the bodies of men and children, had years before as a social worker in a Boston slum revealed in these brief lines her secret:

> Courage is the price that life exacts for granting peace;
> The soul that knows it not knows no release from little things.
> How can life grant boon of living, compensate for dull gray ugliness, pregnant hate
> Unless we dare?

But when do you find man at his most courageous? It is when hitting rock bottom he hands over his weakness to God. Courage, ultimate courage, is "fear that has said its prayers." And we see it most convincingly on a cross. In the solitude of the Mount of Temptation Jesus refused to be dazzled by the mob appeal either of violent nationalism that would hate the Romans or of atheistic communism that would interpret life in terms of bread alone. Under the olive trees of Gethsemane he achieved the everlasting victory of affirming, "Not my will but thine be done." But it was in the dark hour of utter agony that Jesus put to the final test that law of doing the deed and thus earning the light. "My God, my God, *why* hast thou forsaken me?" That is despair plunging into an ocean, not to sink but to swim. That is the dark night of the soul committed, completely committed, to light that for the moment cannot be seen. That is loneliness groping through the blackness toward the fellowship that is God. Groping and finding.

We hear much these days about guidance. A modern religious movement attributes much of its power to the quiet time maintained each morning when its members learn of the doctrine, or as they would say, receive from unseen headquarters their marching orders for the day. However we may appraise these "First Century Christian" groups, they challenge us to become less distracted and more definite in our sense of life direction.

On what terms can we twentieth century Christians expect guidance that shall be true to the white line on the road ahead, in harmony with the will of God?

SCIENCE—AND THE MIND OF CHRIST

First of all, we must welcome that gift of God which is science. For nearly every perplexing choice confronting us, there are facts that have been sifted in some laboratory and made available through some specialist or publication. It is sentimentality to expect God to guide you in the drive toward world peace unless you master such facts as Kirby Page illuminates in his "National Defense." It is softening to the mind to look for light miraculously to break from the Saturday Evening Post upon the problem of distributing machine-made goods. Do you and I really love God with all our minds? Then we can commit to him a few hours of reflection upon such expert findings as "The Economy of Abundance" by Stuart Chase. If you are puzzled as to whether Mary or John is going to be the suitable life-mate, you can at least confer with the Institute of Family Relations. You sincerely want to cure your child of tantrums? There are poised and instructed pre-kindergarten experts to consult. And yet for all its light, our human knowledge, as Santayana insists, is insufficient. "It is a torch of smoky pine that lights the pathway but one step ahead, across a void of mystery and dread."

The greatest gift of God is the mind of Christ. The light of science is good, but it alone is not good enough. It can be exploited by the munition-makers and those who hold financial whips in their hands. But the master passion of Christ cannot be exploited. You cannot make the kingdom of God serve collective greed or brutality, race prejudice or lust.

If you or I want to be guided, we must have as the center of our thought and the core of our heart and the goal of our will the rule of God's Spirit in all of life. If that is our aim, our all-consuming aim, then we shall learn as much of the doctrine as we need to learn.

The indispensable techniques and political campaigns, the movements and causes we cannot dodge; all these

are but so much raw material for the kingdom of God just as the letter "a" and the letter "b" and the letter "c" are but raw material out of which a poem is made. What matters, and what matters alone, is persons so brought into harmony with one another that they live in harmony with the Creative, Loving, Eternal Will. That is the essence of the spirit that walked a few brief years the Galilean hills and that not even a cross in the cruel city could break, and that rises up again in our own Kagawas and Muriel Lesters and all "conscripts of the mighty dream," however simple or wise. We cannot go far wrong if by it our eyes are haunted.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of roaming,
All roads and the flowing of waves and the speediest flight he knows,
But wherever his feet are set, his heart is forever homing,
And going he comes, and coming he heareth a call and goes.

Thy kingdom come! That dream, that prayer, does not mean that we are free to dodge concrete action in the world as it is right now, just because our mind is on a vague far-off divine event. No! It means that we are free to move forward with a sense of sure direction. It means that we must and can be single-minded, so uninhibited and pure of heart that we can see the white line ahead. If we will thus to *do* the divine will, we can trust the supreme hope, "the hope of the City of God at the other end of the road."

There Stands the Mother!

By Bruce S. Wright

There stood by the cross of Jesus his mother. John 19:25.

ONE of the most famous bits of poetry, and one that is invariably heard in sermon and song when Mother's day arrives, is that powerful "mother poem" of Rudyard Kipling:

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

Kipling's harsh poetry is matched by an equally painful incident in prose. For it was another Englishman, as well known in his day as Kipling is in our day, "rare old Ben Jonson," who was thrown into prison for something he had written. The English government in the sixteenth century brooked no criticism and made short work of those who dared it. So Ben Jonson was thrown into prison and threatened with death. His mother visited him bringing a paper which contained a poison that was to be mixed with his drink before his execution. And to show that she was no coward his mother proposed to drink first of the poison herself. Fortunately the government repented of its hasty act and Jonson was released.

Kipling's mother in poetry and Jonson's mother in prose faintly suggest another mother who long ago stood by the cross of her son. What was Mary thinking as she stood there? We can imagine. As in a moment of danger there passes through one's mind in a flash the scenes of a lifetime, so I think in those moments by the cross Mary saw again the panorama of the years. She recalled the happy day when she carried her son to the temple, there to dedicate him according to the custom of her people; she saw the delighted, aged Simeon reach out his arms to take him, saying, "Now let me depart in peace, for I have seen the salvation of my people." She thought of another day when with friends and neighbors she journeyed to Jerusalem, and of the mingled disappointment and pride with which she found her boy among the doctors, asking questions. She recalled with delight the carpenter shop in Nazareth and the sunny afternoons when she slipped into the shop for a little visit with her son. She thought again of those days when the public claimed him; claimed him because they needed him. There was something about his attitude toward life that calmed troubled minds. And now this son, so utterly undeserving the cross, is hanging there. And there stands by the cross the mother of Jesus.

Mothers stand in other places than by the cross. Let us think of a few of them as we seek to paint the picture of the complete task and joy of motherhood.

THE MOTHER BY THE CRIB

The mother stands by the crib. Mary, the mother of Jesus, stood there too. Scripture states it most beautifully, "Mary brought forth her firstborn son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in the manger." Or, it is perfectly correct to say, "laid him in a crib." For the word crib has multiplied meanings. One meaning is the box-like portion of the animal's stall in which food for the animal is placed. "The evolution of the crib" would make an interesting study. That study would certainly include the manger-crib. Pursuing the study we would walk through museums and historical buildings and see the various cribs of different countries; the cribs of our own colonial days, rough-hewn, homemade, built close to the floor, with extended rockers so that the mother could rock the crib with one foot while busy with her hands at some other household task. The rude crib of our pioneer days has evolved into the elaborate, cushioned, comfortable crib of the present day. Wherever you see a crib you see a mother; they are inseparable.

The present-day movement is to surround the mother with every possible safeguard as she stands by the crib. Security for mothers is the proper and practical interpretation of Mother's day. There is the justifiable criticism that Mother's day is overloaded with mere sentiment, having no practical application. Sentiment has its place, so too does the practical outcome of the day. The 16,000 mothers who die in the United States every year in childbirth is an unnecessary and unforgivable sacrifice. That number can and should be materially reduced. Prenatal instruction and care, proper attention during and following childbirth are practical expressions of Mother's day, expressions to which we yield hearty support as we see the mother standing by the crib.

THE SINGING MOTHER

And we can say that Mary stood also "by the organ." Or, make it piano if you want to. Mary, the mother of Jesus, stood by the organ. You say they did not have organs then! Perhaps not. But they did have music and Mary the mother sang. I should like to have heard her sweet voice. What did she sing? Luke tells us. He gives us the entire song. Mary lifted up her voice and sang:

> My soul doth magnify the Lord,
> And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.

And right through to the end her lovely voice never faltered or broke:

> He hath helped his servant Israel,
> In remembrance of his mercy;
> As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and
> to his seed forever.

The singing mother of Jesus! It is thus I think of her. Likewise the adequate picture of my own mother has a song in it. Now, across the years, I see a parlor; not a living room, but a parlor. In the center of the room is a parlor table, above the table the hanging oil lamp. In one corner of the room is a what-not, in another corner a lounge, in another corner a small foot-pumped organ. It is Sunday afternoon or evening. I see my mother as she sits by the organ and plays and sings. I would not take anything for that memory—I would give anything if I had that little old organ. If some Aladdin should come to me and say: "I want to build you a spacious, costly house; I want to place in a great room in that house a great organ, a perfect $50,000 instrument. Or, I will place there the little organ your mother used —which will you take?" I would say, Give the great organ to someone else, to a church or a cathedral; I want the organ my mother used.

"Songs My Mother Taught Me" is more than a popular song-title; it is grounded in fact, it is a fadeless memory. The voice of the mother is heard in song, singing at her work, singing in the home, singing in church. There stood by the organ the mother of Jesus.

There stood Mary the mother of Jesus in the garden. Not much is said about gardens in the New Testament, but it is fair to assume that they had gardens. Fruits and flowers and vegetables have been cultivated from time immemorial and there is no doubt in my mind that there was a garden attached to Jesus' boyhood home.

IN THE GARDEN

That being the case Mary was often in the garden. She was there for work, for then as now much of the manual labor in the east was performed by women. She was there also because she loved the garden. I am sure she did. Most mothers love a garden. Our pioneer mothers loved their gardens. The farm that was ultimately cleared might boast hundreds of acres, but the mother had her own little garden plot near the house. It was her very own, she tended it, she planted there exactly what she chose. She spent much time in her garden because she loved it. When you paint your picture of the mother, ancient or modern, you must surely show her as a garden maker and garden lover.

"Never a daisy groweth but a mystery guideth its growing." The mother understands that. Even as a profound mystery is embodied in the growing of her child, so there is a winsome mystery in the growing of flowers and fruits. The mother stands in the garden; nor is she flippant, she is thoughtful and reverent. A garden makes one thoughtful and reverent. It is as much out of place to tell cheap jokes in a garden as it is to tell them in the sanctuary. For God is in the garden. That is the way Thomas Edward Brown felt about it, for he it was who wrote:

> A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
> Rose plot,
> And fringed pool,
> And ferned grot!

A Pastoral Prayer

By Charles E. Jefferson

LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, our shelter from the stormy blast and our eternal home. We bow before Thee in adoration and thanksgiving. For the past, overflowing with Thy loving kindnesses and tender mercies we give to Thee our hearty thanks, and we look toward the future with confidence and glowing expectations, because this is Thy world and Thou dost love us with a great love.

We rejoice that Thy love extends beyond our sight. Thou art a God of the living and also of the dead. The dead belong to Thee and likewise to us. We feed our souls by meditating on what they did and were. Although dead, they keep on speaking. By their courage and patience and sacrifice, they make us strong. When we recall their words we walk with firmer step along the ascending and difficult way. O Lord, in our thinking bring the two worlds closer together. Baptize us into the spirit of the immortal dead. Breathe into us a kinder disposition and a more intrepid temper. Kindle in us the flame which has burned in the souls of heroes and saints, sages and martyrs. Increase our gratitude for the example of those who have walked on the heights and carried glorious ideals to victory.

We deplore our blunders and sins, and we pray that the confusion and misery of the present time may bring us to repentance. May the spectacle of nations, crippled and bleeding, inspire in us a deeper ambition to build a nobler world. May we not disappoint the dead by sordid thought or ignoble action. Help us to see all the kingdoms of our national life in the light of eternity. Accept us as we here and now rededicate ourselves to the advancement of truth and justice throughout the world. Encompassed by a great cloud of witnesses, we would keep our eyes on the King of Love, the Prince of Peace. Amen.

The veriest school of peace, and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God in the garden! And when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

The mother is reverent even toward the common things that grow there. An expert gardener was asked, "If dandelions grow in my garden, what shall I do?" "Learn to love them," was the answer. As the true mother learns to love even dandelions in her garden so she learns to love all children. Whistler did a great service when he painted his picture to which he gave the one-word title, "Mother." I saw it occupying an honored place in the Chicago Museum of Art. I remember that other exhibit rooms were empty, or visitors quickly passed through them. But there was always a lingering group before Whistler's picture, lingering as though loath to leave. With all due respect to Whistler's picture, there are many whose loveliest picture of a mother shows her in a garden. Beulah Waterman is one. Here is her "Portrait of a Mother":

A beautifully formed woman
Dressed in calico.
She was dropping flower seed.
She stopped working,
And, removing her gloves,
Folded her long, slender fingers
Around the handle of the rake.

A braid of soft, shining hair
Had loosened
And fell across her forehead.
She pushed her bonnet back
And pinned the band in place.

Standing thus, her gaze
Rested on the distant hills;
Her lips were parted in a smile;
Her lovely eyes were glowing.
Her face reflected
The pink of the peach trees
Close by.

Like a rose, in its midsummer beauty,
She stood among her flowers.

THE MOTHER AT THE BALLOT BOX

One more word let me put here, namely: There stood by the ballot-box Mary, the mother of Jesus. You say they had no ballot-boxes then. True, but if you are going to trace to their origin the forces that have given woman the right to vote, her right to express her views, to live her life in home, religion, business and government, you will have to go back to that man on the cross —and he was Mary's son. One of the unanswerable arguments for Christian missions in far away lands is what Christianity has done for the women of those lands —China, Japan, India, Africa. It is not strange that someone said: "I should like to look at Jesus through the eyes of Moses, David, Daniel; better still, through the eyes of Peter, Paul or John; but best of all, through the eyes of an enlightened heathen woman who, by the revelation of Christ to her soul, has been lifted out of the miry clay of her helpless estate, unwelcomed at birth, untaught in childhood, enslaved as a wife, accursed as a widow and unmourned when dead." Christ has lifted womanhood's feet from the miry clay. Even Turkey, which for centuries held women in virtual slavery, liberated them, due directly to Christian influences and the attitude of Christian nations toward their women.

Few doors are now closed to women. A woman has even stepped into that supposedly forbidden territory—the cabinet of the president of the United States. A woman has entered our nation's consular service. In certain spheres woman's influence is greater than man's; a mother's word is more quickly listened to than a father's. For example, in the sphere of amusements. Women have more influence in America's most popular

Bruce S. Wright

and best patronized amusement than men, that is, the sphere of the movies. When the awakened mothers of America sense the utterly bad and criminal effect of many of the motion picture films and let their feelings be known, the czars in New York and Hollywood will listen. When she says to the industry, "If we let you have our children week after week to amuse you must amuse them with clean, wholesome pictures," they will heed. Moving picture magnates have ears sensitive to two sounds—the sound of the coins dropping in the box office, and the sound of the voices of the mothers of America.

And mothers are the most effective influence for peace. Peace organizations, peace propaganda, peace avowals do not seem to get us very far. But when the mothers of America rise and say, "We will not raise our boys to be butchered, we will not bring up sons to be cannon fodder," leaders will listen. Her voting influence is exactly as potent and effective as man's. Every wise office-seeker knows that, for the mother stands there by the ballot-box.

Cross, crib, organ, garden, ballot-box! It is a far cry from Calvary to the twentieth century, from the cross to the ballot-box, but they are indissolubly joined, and the mother stands by them all. In the best keeping of Mother's day we will not only tell her of our love, we will remind her of her influence.

Someone once asked, "Why are there no great mothers in fiction?" "But there are," someone replied. Are there? Name one. You cannot do it. Why? Because great and good motherhood is not a fiction but a fact. And one of the most beautiful facts in all the beautiful biography of motherhood is this: There stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother.

As long as mothers continue to stand by the cross, motherhood and childhood, civilization and sonship, society and daughterhood are safe.

'Thine Eyes Shall See the King in His Beauty'

By Mary E. Woolley

Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off. Isaiah 33:17.

THERE are moods in the Bible, as there are moods in the human being. That is one explanation of its power. Going to the Bible is like going into a library, looking over the shelves, reading the titles, taking account of one's state of mind, and finally choosing the particular book that suits the particular moment. I can imagine a mood when the Scripture chosen for the thought of the evening would be less in harmony than some more stirring injunctions, as, for example, "Quit yourselves like men"; "Put on the whole armor of God"; "Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth." Or, even a pessimistic note: "Truth is fallen in the street"; "There is none that doeth good, no, not one."

This chapter of Isaiah, from which the lesson is taken, is marked by rapid transitions of mood, characteristic of the Bible as it is also characteristic of human nature. "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

"A CRITICAL AGE"—THEN AND NOW

It is not difficult to understand the dark side of the picture; we have only to recall the situation of Judah in 700 B.C. to appreciate the reason for gloomy utterances. The great powers of Assyria, Babylon and Egypt filled the national life of both kingdoms with uncertainty and foreboding, often with tragedy. Isaiah was statesman as well as prophet and saw infinitely more clearly than the politicians just what dangers confronted his country. Beyond that, he saw the shortsightedness of the political philosophy of his people. They, "looking through their darkened glass at life"—to quote a famous scholar—"said: 'Life is simply a war in which the strongest prevail, a game which the most cunning win.' So they made fast their alliances, and were ready to meet the Assyrian, or they fled in panic before him, according as Egypt or he seemed the stronger. Isaiah saw that with Assyrian and Jew another Power was present—the real reason of every change in politics, collapse or crash in either of the empires—the active righteousness of God. Assyrian and Jew had not only to contend with each other. They were at strife with God. We now see plainly that Isaiah was right. Far more operative than the intrigues of politicians or the pride of Assyria, because it used these simply as its mines and its fuel, was the law of righteousness, the spiritual force which is as impalpable as the atmosphere, yet strong to burn and try as a furnace seven times heated."

I want to take Isaiah out of his setting of 2,600 years ago and push him into this so-called modern world of the twentieth century A.D. An ancient figure as far as outward appearance is concerned; a modern of the moderns, from the point of view of insight into human relationships and the relation of the human to the divine.

"A critical age in which we live"—we are hearing that continually by spoken and written word; doubtless you have heard it more than once from this very platform. Critical from every point of view, political and economic and social, national and international; critical but not hopeless. Why not?

For my answer, I am turning to Isaiah; and in part, to one of the interpreters of Isaiah. The doctrine of the prophet was not the doctrine of the later Gnostics, that the world is the worst possible kind of a world. Isaiah preached, as we are reminded, that "righteousness is the atmosphere of the world" and our task, if I may interpret it, is to bring ourselves into harmony with this righteousness.

RELIGION AND TODAY'S TASKS

May I illustrate: first, by our relations to one another, as a group, a community, a nation, a world; second, by our relations to ourselves, that is, by our lives as individuals.

First, by our relations to one another, as a group, however small or large that group may be. Our age is critical from the group point of view, beyond any other age in the history of the world, because never before were groups brought together in such close relationship. In other words, the situation in the modern world raises to the nth power the importance of the attitude of individuals to one another. A Robinson Crusoe might be characterized by ill will and suspicion and distrust and, with the exception of Friday and the reaction upon "Robinson" himself, it would not matter particularly. The absence of a social attitude doesn't count on a desert island! But we are not living on a desert island today; far from it. Ruth Nichols, speaking at Mount Holyoke to an eager audience—the would-be aviators of the future—in the course of her remarks said that the time was coming when planes would be as truly within the reach of the average person as Fords are today. A remark like that is fraught with meaning. It is a superficial understanding that sees in it only increased opportunity for sport, for commercial intercourse, for scientific expansion. It means also annihilating space, weaving the world into an ever closer fabric. That is not the

conception of a visionary; it is going on before our eyes, day by day. And it presents a situation truly appalling from one point of view, but genuinely inspiring from another.

I have said more than once that I expected to learn a great deal from my six months in Geneva, but that I did not expect to learn religion. Yet that is just what I did learn. How could one help it when, in the speeches of the representatives of the governments, the changes were rung on the supreme importance of good will among the nations as the best security? When the blocking of agreement was so clearly the result of mistrust and suspicion and fear and ill will? The significance of religion for international understanding, for a new in-

MARY E. WOOLLEY

ternational relationship, based on reason not on brute force; on cooperation, not on competition; on good will, not on ill will; never was that significance so clear. There is new meaning to religion in this day in which we live, religion defined not in terms of creed, or ecclesiasticism, or ritual, but religion defined as the "way" of him "that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hand from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil."

HUMAN TRAGEDY NOT NECESSARY

That is the normal humanity, the normal world which is the creation of God; all else is abnormal. The tragedy of the international situation, of the friction of class with class, of race with race, is that it is not necessary. There are great catastrophes which cannot be prevented by any human agency—the devastations of nature, hard to understand and impossible to control. But *human* catastrophes need not be; the clash of will, the greed of self, the blight of hate. And the meaning of religion today is to make clear that truth, to help human beings to become *normal,* not to leave them abnormal in their relationships one with another.

May I turn the shield to ourselves, as individuals, rather than as members of a group, forgetting for the moment that "none of us liveth to himself"? What is the meaning of religion for the "me," as well as for the "us"? What is it that the individual particularly needs in this day in which we are living? There are many answers; we cannot even list them all. I should like to suggest two.

The first is the answer which I think the majority of a typical audience of this age would give, and that is *courage.* Courage to meet the present, to face the future. Do we need it, you and I? The question answers itself! Down through the ages the assurance comes: "He shall dwell on high; his place of defense shall be munitions of rocks." Seven centuries afterward came the reaffirmation: "Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock."

WITHOUT VISION—DEATH

The meaning of religion? It means courage; it means also *vision.* "Where there is no vision, the people perish." "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off." Again, the words come down to us over the ages, from the seers of visions. A vision is not something that is visionary, in our usual definition of that word. The greatest powers in the physical world today are the intangible, the ones that we neither see with our eyes nor feel with our hands.

I spent an hour and a half in the physics laboratory of our college one day, hearing an explanation as far as explanation is possible of some of the marvels of the electrical world, those marvels which within our lifetime have become commonplace. The *vision* of the scientist is the working power of our everyday life. Is it a mystery? Yes, but because the power is a *mystery,* we do not refuse its use in our living.

"The scholar who visioned and verified electron structure"—my eye fell upon that heading in the daily paper as I was preparing this talk. "Visioned and verified"—in the physical world, we see and accept that fact every day of our lives. "Visioned and verified," in the spiritual world, is surely not less essential in the realm of the human soul.

> For my feet have stood upon the mountains,
> And I have seen a vision of beauty;
> And though my heart be cast down again,
> Yet will I lift up mine eyes unto the heavens;
> For He that worketh in heaven
> Worketh also in me;
> As He has lifted up the mountains,
> So will He lift up my soul,
> That I may behold the beauty of His work in the heavens,
> And on the earth in the hearts of men.

Processions

By Fred W. Shorter

IN cities and towns all over the United States we shall soon see processions of men. Bands will play, flags will fly, guns will fire salutes. A man from Mars asking the meaning of these marching men would be told a strange story.

"Who are these few old and broken men who lead the procession? These men too feeble to march, who look as if they will soon lay life's burden down? These men in faded blue and grey?" Those few feeble old men, we tell our Martian visitor, are the last remaining remnant of the Civil War. We describe that war to him, with all its horror, pain and disease, its broken homes and hearts, its terrible economic burden in both north and south.

"What was it all about?" he asks. "To free the black man from slavery," says one. "To save the Union," replies another. A history student startles all by saying: "It was fought about an abstraction. It was the result of a series of political crimes and blunders of which both sides were guilty." Ruefully he continues: "We now know that slavery was doomed by moral and economic pressure. The Civil War was unnecessary and futile."

The man from Mars shakes his head sadly and asks: "But who are those men of middle age who follow? Those men in strange-looking uniforms?" We reply: "They are the men who fought for their country in the war with Spain." "And what was that war about?" the visitor asks. There is much confusion at this question. One says something about the blowing up of a battleship. The history student again speaks up: "The Spanish-American War was the result of the inflaming of popular passions by yellow journalism, especially the Hearst newspapers. Spain did not want the war. Indeed, she accepted all of America's demands. The President and his cabinet did not want the war. The people did not want it. A jingo press and a war clique forced it upon us. Nothing good, but rather great harm, has come from it. It, too, was unnecessary and futile." The man from Mars looks bewildered and mutters: "To be foolish once I can understand. But twice—that seems so silly."

"A WAR TO END ALL WAR"

Then come marching along, with the suggestion of a swagger, men in their thirties and forties. They are beginning to leave youth behind, but are still good for many marches. "Who are these?" asks the man from Mars. We reply: "These are men who fought in the World War." Someone quickly says: "That was a war to end all war, and to make the world safe for democracy." At that all laugh bitterly. They are thinking of Stalin in Russia, Mussolini in Italy, Hitler in Germany, and the growing distrust of democratic forces in the United States. A war to end all war! They think of the growing burden of armaments! They can even hear the distant roll of drums. The man from Mars seems stunned. He is heard to mutter: "All the suffering, pain, horror, debauchery, crime, poverty—all for nothing, for less than nothing." Then, overwhelmed, he weeps at man's stupidity.

But another band makes him look again at the marching men. "Who are these—these youths in snappy uniforms and these happy boys bringing up the rear?" A middle-aged man replies, "These are the boys who are training for the next war." A sudden change comes over the face and demeanor of our visitor. He turns upon the well-dressed, well-fed, middle-aged gentleman and storms: "Fool! Can't you see that every war you have ever engaged in has been foolish and futile? Don't you know yet that if you prepare for war, you'll get war? Don't you know, or don't you care, that the next war will not only end all war, but western civilization itself? I came to your earth to learn something. If this is all you have to show me I must return and report that you are the most cruel and stupid people in the universe."

"LUX ET VERITAS"

Standing near him is a recent graduate from college. He plucks the Martian by the sleeve and says eagerly: "I'll show you a procession of men that will give you a different opinion of us. Come with me." They drive many miles until they come in sight of the sea. The automobile stops at a beautiful gate on the arch of which are written the words, "Lux et Veritas." A great concourse of people are gathered within the spacious grounds. A hush falls upon them as slowly there comes into view the head of what proves to be a great procession. Again the visitor from Mars sees a few old men whose companions are memories and whose faces are turned toward the sunset. After them come other groups, younger and still younger until, bringing up the rear, come many young men in their twenties. Pervading all is an air of joy. With great pride the young man says to his visitor: "Look at that. This is my alma mater and this glorious procession is made up of the reunited graduating classes and this year's class. One of those old men leading the procession is chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, others following are presidents of colleges, surgeons, teachers, ministers, inventors, scientists. If I had the time I could tell you many a story of heroism and loyalty to our motto, "Lux et Veritas," that would make you forget our stupidity and our cruelty. One of the younger men you saw has just returned from Africa, where he is giving his life for the welfare of the black man."

The more he talks the more enthusiastic he gets. He pictures how these men and their colleagues have built bridges, not only of steel and concrete, but of understanding and friendship between nations, clans and classes. He tells of poets who have expressed in beautiful words humanity's dream of justice and peace, of preachers who have proclaimed righteousness, of teachers who have inspired students to seek light and truth in a dark and deceitful world. He cries jubilantly and expectantly:

Hail ye men of the future!
The world's real patriots ye!
Above the dead I hear your tread that sets a people free!
And I hear the fife and I hear the drum,
I hear the shouting wherever you come,
And I see the glory in your face

Pacific School of Religion

Who march to save the race!
Justice shall be your weapon and the Truth the bomb you hurl,
Flag of united nations the banner you unfurl.
Hail, men of the present—do I hear your answering cry?
"Here am I! Here am I!"

HEROES OF PEACE

Leading his astonished visitor to a high and quiet place, this young enthusiast shows him the greatest sight of all—a procession visible only to the pure in heart. It is a procession of men and women in all walks of life, in every clime under the dome of heaven. It is a procession of men and women of all races and colors. It is

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the procession of the war-resisters and the peacemakers of the world—some who still march in the flesh, others whose souls go marching on—a great fellowship of the world's truest heroes and seers. The Jewish Isaiah and Jeremiah are here. Tolstoi in Russian peasant dress is marching there in his bare feet. Jean Juarez, with bullet wound in breast, is there. Eugene Debs in prison garb is there. David Starr Jordan is there. Time fails him to tell of living heroes—Arthur Ponsonby and Leyton Richards of England, Romain Rolland and Henri Barbusse of France, Albert Schweitzer and Albert Einstein of Germany, Mahatma Gandhi of India, Kagawa of Japan, Edwin Markham and Mary Woolley of the United States—who have won their record for faith; and many others whose names shall shine as the stars forever.

Finally, by the words of an earth-born poet the young man brings before the glowing eyes of his visitor the vision of a great procession of youth slain by war, and of another more glorious army of men and women and children who have seen a vision of world peace and universal brotherhood—a vision prophetic and inevitable:

Who goes there in the night,
Across the storm-swept plain?
We are the ghosts of a valiant war—
A million murdered men!

Who goes there, at the dawn,
Across the sun-swept plain?
We are the hosts of those who swear:
It shall not be again!

Toward Peace

By Joseph Fort Newton

FOR sixteen years and more, in a chaotic world—the earth an auditorium for every hoarse and angry voice that could make itself heard—we have tried to work for peace. It has been a terrible time, yet, in spite of social irritation, explosive revolution, moral reaction, and spiritual eclipse, more has been done for peace in fifteen years than in the fifteen thousand years before. If, at the moment, on the surface, there are discouraging aspects—the resurgence of a narrow, ruthless nationalism, the economic prostration, a discouraged and disgusted mood of mingled defiance and dismay—we have valid grounds for high hope and devout thanksgiving, and some of these grounds it is worth our time to name.

First of all, undoubtedly, the world, in its deep heart—not a few idealists and dreamers of dreams—but the whole world is sick of strife and weary for a better way. Everywhere, in every land, the revolt of human feelings and reason against war is incomparably more powerful, more systematic, more determined than civilization has known up to now. It is one of the profound signs of our times that the universal conscience of man is discovering that war—which means the slaughter of the best, and social suicide in the end—is manifestly outside the divine scheme of things, and means the bankruptcy of religion and reason.

Also, let us be thankful that the false glorification of war—the old narcotic phrases about its ennobling influence, its antiseptic powers, its toughening of the moral fiber of the race—all that is exploded by grim, hard, horrible biological science, as well as by social facts too terrific to tabulate. As some one has put it vividly, a fire might as well be thought a good thing; there is bravery among the firemen who extinguish it, and human sympathy excited in saving the lives and properties of the sufferers; yet, after all, it is destruction. One thing we now know; we cannot destroy ten million young men—the flower of the race—and mutilate twice as many more, and expect to have a sane world. At last we are awakening from "the dream those drummers make" to see with awful clarity—as Vera Brittain has shown us anew in her "Testament of Youth"—what war is, what it means, what it does to man and woman alike, when it is stripped of deceptive disguise and we see it in reality. There is no longer anything occult about war—we know what it is, how it is made, and all the tricks of the trade.

Finally, we are beginning to realize that peace, the

creation of peace, is not a cold, negative, bloodless thing, but a thrilling, exciting and romantic adventure. It is not enough, as William Morris said, to preach peace by talking of the horrors of war; for men are so made that they prefer horrors to dullness. We must persuade them —nay, we must show them—that peace means a fuller and more glorious life, if we would make them desire it passionately. It is not a case of destroying—or even of inhibiting—the fighting instinct of humanity, but of harnessing that instinct to the good of mankind, turning its guns on the enemies of man, the dangers that menace, the evils that defile, and not upon man himself.

These, then, are some of the gains we have made, more significant than we reckon or realize, and we may count them among our permanent possessions, as we think anew, in the light of changed and changing conditions, of the responsibilities of today. We must not falter; we cannot fail. It is written in the record of the Will of God that "they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks"—that is, turn destruction into happy, creative construction; and that vision, if long delayed, awaiting the developing wisdom and will of man, will finally be fulfilled. We are folk of a moment, here today and tomorrow fallen into dust, but the Word of the Lord endureth forever and will not return unto him void.

Memorial Day Verse

Lament

O darkest of all tragedies, that these,
Our stalwart sons, are lying here today,
By darkness pent, mute prisoners of clay.
The Summer nears, a dream is in the trees—
But not for them!

They were so young—how easy to condemn
Mere laughing lads to war's demonic fate!
They hurried forth; they were too proud to wait
For our embrace. Ah, that our love might stem
Our zeal for strife!

Our young, young dead! We gave them throbbing life
And bade them trust in God, in final good;
We led them in the ways of brotherhood—
But earth went mad, with flames the world was rife—
And these, our sons, are dead!

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

Gold Stars

GOLD stars looking on the far French crosses,
Trembling softly in the unscarred sky,
Flash to us the meaning of our dear, deep losses,
Show us how to steer to the Hope that made men die!
Golden lives of youth, they were given without measure;
Hear we not the question, flung to you and me,
'What have you bought with us, your golden treasure,
You that sent us over sea?'

Gold stars worn upon the hearts of mothers,
Sad, starry flowers from the furrows of war,
Bear to us the message of the sons and brothers
Fallen in the far fields, absent evermore:
'What did you spend us for, your golden treasure?
Hate and pride and vengeance? Then you paid too high!
Or was it for a World that you poured us without measure?
That was what we meant to buy!'

Gold stars gleaming on the flags' red borders
In the sacred places where our altars are,
Speak to us your oracles, shout to us your orders,
Bid us climb to brotherhood, following a Star:
'You must buy a World with us, your golden treasure;
You must buy a new World, else you hold us cheap!
So shall we rejoice that you poured us without measure,
So shall we rejoice in our sleep.'

HELEN GRAY CONE.

Peace on Earth

THE men of the earth said: 'We must war
As the men of the earth have warred;
'Tis ours to wield on the battlefield
The unrelenting sword.'
But they who had seen the valiant die,
The fathers of men, they answered 'Why?'

The men of the earth said: 'We must arm,
For so we would reveal
The nobler part of the human heart,
The love of the nation's weal.'
But they who had sung their lullaby,
The mothers of men, they answered, 'Why?'

The men of the earth said: 'We must fight,
For so the fit survive;
By the jungle law of fang and claw
The strong are kept alive.'
But a crippled, cankered progeny,
The sons of the fighters, answered, 'Why?'

The men of the earth said: 'We must fall,
And falling build the road
O'er which the race with quickening pace
Can find its way to God.'
But down from a Cross uplifted high,
The Savior of men, He answered, 'Why?'

ROBERT FREEMAN.

The last two poems are reprinted from the new anthology, "One Hundred Poems of Peace," compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark and Winfred Ernest Garrison. Used by permission of the publishers, Willett, Clark & Company.

The Preacher's Profit

By Merton S. Rice

"NOT seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many that they may be saved" is, to my way of thinking as a preacher, one of the most pointed comments on the expectancy of the ministry which has been written anywhere, and it is Paul's bold estimate of himself as he was writing to the church in Corinth. The preacher's *profit*.

It is not unusual to get the estimate of the preacher as a prophet. In these quite eager-for-prophet days it seems not difficult to shift into the regions of prognostication and try a few guesses as to some far away tomorrow in which we can create a few ideal accomplishments.

Paul, however, was willing to spell the word with all the harsh realism of market quotations and make evident a concern about the preacher's profit. What is his income? Moffatt shied off from this crass-sounding term and used the word "advantage." Let us not spoil this good verse thus. I would dread to denature so piercing a phrase as this one is.

As a preacher to preachers now, when all about us the monopolistic manner of talk is depression, I would look squarely at our own dividend tables and ask if our "dividends" have been "passed."

● *The Question of Salary*

The profits of our task must not fail. I plead not thus for high salaries. For salaries I have little concern, high or low. I am very sure we have heard altogether too much about that already, and too much time of ministerial conventions and conferences has been consumed with such discussion. Of this I am sure, the preacher who is a preacher has never had a thought of striking for a higher wage. At a conference a few years ago a young preacher reported that his salary was so small he was compelled to eat peanuts twice a day as substitute for the ordinary "square meal." "But," declared he, in his report, "I like peanuts!"

The money wage of the ministry does not draw men to it, and I should fear for its standing if the day ever should come when the pay check of the treasurer became a lure. The commendable fact evident in the work of the ministry is that the scant pay has never frightened away the real preacher. Locusts and wild honey made up the fare of one of the all-time best preachers, and sometimes there has been a very noticeable shortage of honey, and it requires a beautiful and bountiful smear of honey to keep locusts palatable.

● *Does the Minister Really Serve?*

The ministry offers no chance to get rich in a day of hunger for riches. It does however offer the most fertile chance of genuine service. There must be something in such a calling which carries a compelling appeal to real life. What is the real profit of the preacher?

One time during the war I preached a sermon bearing the title "The Profiteer." The subject at least found place in the papers, and it drew forth some vigorous comment. All sorts of notes came to correct my estimate. They came as usual from those who were not present, and guessed what might have been said. I kept one letter because it was so convincing of something, no matter just what. It closed with this brilliant summary: "A few of the useless occupations which feed not humanity: white slavers, real estate operators, saloon-keepers, bartenders, ministers of the gospel, priests of Rome, pagan priests. Any man who will not work. Hoping you open your eyes. Yours ——."

Merton S. Rice

Well, since we have been caught and dragged right out into the light, and shown up in our associations, I presume it will be proper for me to defend us. As to the others of that rather widely distributed group of non-essentials, they will have to make their own defense.

Let me place frankly the real heartbreak of every true minister, as the first matter in listing the estimate of the work of the preacher, and say a thing that is patent to every preacher everywhere, but unappreciated by those who have not had to be subjected to its experience. I have profound faith in the gospel, and when I do my best, as I can see my best to do, and preach the great invitation, and find that many, very many, who will listen seem to be no more than entertained and comparatively few are moved to active acceptance, I am faced with the accusation of inefficiency in my task that often becomes a questioning wonder.

● *What Are the "Returns" of Preaching?*

Such a fact tries the preacher's soul. In all our great business enterprises, if the general manager cannot produce dividends, he will be dismissed. The company expects returns. Can the preacher produce the result he has set himself unto? It is not a matter of salary. I give no attention to that. There is not a committee nor a board anywhere on this earth with whom I have ever even discussed the matter of what my salary was to be. It is not the question of salary that irks the soul of the preacher. It is that he really believes his message is eternally important, and yet he does not seem able to persuade those who listen to believe unto an active acceptance.

Men need God! I know that. Society needs God! No one can grope along the path of this troubled hour and fail to be heartwrung with that conviction. Civilization needs God! It seems to be tottering upon uncertain foundations. Before such facts, eloquently present, I, a preacher to my day, am called to preach a compelling gospel. This is the sledge that is beating upon the convinced soul of the real preacher today. These heavy hours of distractingly difficult days! I am not asking to be delivered from them. I am, however, passionately begging for help to get the message through.

● *In An Age of Despair*

How slightly we move our age! I often wonder when I turn to read the vivid stories of those whom now we reckon as the victors of other hard days, whether they, amid it all, saw any more clearly the results of their glorious lives. We blast our little lives against the gray cold facts of life and seem to see so scant results. Who is sufficient for this?

The ears of the world are confused with the rasping static of conflicting

claims. Who can shout through it all a word of clear warning value? The eyes of the world are flushed with tears of deep anxiety. Who can make visible through such tears the reality of God's care? The heart of the world is crushed with the trampling of sorrow. Who can approach it, to pour upon it the balm of sacred sympathy?

O preacher! preacher! what have you to offer such an age? These are boastfully practical days. Are we practical men? Is this work of ours essential?

● *What Is the Matter with the Church?*

Such searching inquiry challenges my faith, and sends me back to my pulpit, again and again, determined to find the word, the appeal, that will get and hold attention and action for the truth. Perhaps, in these days, we can understand what it was that was driving the great soul of John Knox, when in perfect agony of soul he cried out, "O God! Give me Scotland or I die!" A great baptism of that same passion today would save us from at least some of the serious questions which are being raised as to what is the matter with much in the church. "I seek not yours, but you!" That is the preacher's profit.

To be sure, we are all called to many other duties, and driven hard by demanding situations in which we must make vital response, but if we are failing to reach and save the souls of our hearers we are failing in our dividends. The condemnation of the preacher does not lie in his not being eloquent, or interesting, or efficient. It lies in his failure, even with all these other things, to get his real work done. The difficulty in preaching is not in merely attracting hearers. That may be done, and its accomplishment but adds to the condemnation of having done no more.

● *The Deep Desire of True Preachers*

Jesus Christ stands of course, as a preacher, preeminent. Preacher of God—his love, his fatherhood, his ultimate triumph! Hints of all this there had been before him, but it was obscured by partial and imperfect presentation. Once in a while someone seems again to grasp the message aright. God forgive the great company of us who fail so badly at the thing we seek to do. Yet, if I know the hearts of my preacher brethren—and I know I have had some solemn sessions with my own heart—I know I can say that deep down in the life of the preacher there is a surety of purpose. I would far rather die in my pulpit in the flame of the message than to live on easily unto a lingering old age because I should have dared burn any less passionately for the truth as I see it. I am convinced that this is true of every sincere preacher.

● *The Challenge of the Cross*

The preacher of the gospel seeks souls for his hire. That is the preacher's profit. Lyman Beecher preached one day and the flame of his soul shone clear. In the pew before him sat an unknown young man, the estimate of whose soul none could make. When the service closed that young man, greatly moved, hurried to his room, locked the door, and upon his humble knees beside his bed settled his life-problem, and from that scene the power of Wendell Phillips began to shape itself to the passion of his contribution. That is the preacher's profit.

In this uneasy day—a day when men are so strongly enamored of the quotations of ordinary dividends that their passing has been the signal for self-destruction for many—I ask if in such a day the preacher shall not be passionately eager for his own reward, the souls of his people!

The challenge of this was enough to send Jesus Christ to the cross. May God keep us from faltering before any sacrifice the call of this expectant day may demand. We simply must not fail. We are consecrated to this great task, the end of which is the kingdom of God, the power of which is the power of God, the proclaimers of which must be the preachers of God.

Sees Youth as Hope for Peaceful World

Miss Vera Brittain, English peace advocate and author of "The Testament of Youth," writes that English peace workers and speakers report a dramatic contrast between middle-aged and elderly audiences and those drawn from schools, colleges and youth groups. The old still believe that war is an inherent part of human nature; youth is willing to experiment, to abandon the cautions and defenses of the past.

"With modern youth today lies the choice between death and life. The older generation is already passing; the war generation, shattered and bankrupt, recklessly poured away its sweet wine of youth and talent and has now only a few outstanding personalities to set their spirit against that spirit of defeatism, never permitted in war, which lies like a blight upon the work for reconstruction. American youth and English youth could consummate, if they wished, that friendship between the two great English-speaking peoples which would preserve the world forever from large scale conflict."

Will We Do It Again?

There is an old Bible story, once familiar to every child, about the mighty Samson and the Philistines. The story with its border warfare and erotic episodes may make it questionable for the modern Sunday school youth, but like all those stories in the Book, does have a warning forever needed. Samson was pledged to God from birth and no wine was to touch his lips and no razor come on his head. His long hair was the symbol of his vow of devotion. He became the bulwark of his people against the warlike neighbors. He did wonders in their defense. But he fell in love with a daughter of the enemy. She lured him to sleep in her lap and betrayed him to her people. They cut off his hair, blinded him and set him to grinding their grist at their mill. This is a parable every devotee of peace needs to ponder.

Will we do it again? Will we stand firm when the war spirit moves again? Who knows? We must do everything possible to prepare ourselves against the betrayal of our intelligence by our emotions. We must be wary as to what we give our affections and of going to sleep in the lap of the enemy, in times of peace, or, shorn of our strength and blind, we again shall grind the grist of the enemy.

Lucius F. Reed.

The JUNE issue of THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY PULPIT will be a

COLLEGE NUMBER

and will include seven sermons and addresses that have been delivered before students.

Contributors to this special number: Harry Emerson Fosdick, Charles W. Gilkey, Robert Russell Wicks, Halford E. Luccock, Paul Hutchinson, E. McNeill Poteat, Jr., and Ernest Fremont Tittle.

Do not miss a single issue of
The Christian Century Pulpit

Who's Who in This Issue

During the World War Rev. Albert Buckner Coe spent twenty-one months in the artillery of the United States army, serving in the United States, France and Germany. He graduated from Yale divinity school in 1922, and his first pastorates were in Somerville, Mass., and Waterbury, Conn. Since 1930 he has ministered to the leading church of American Congregationalism—First church, Oak Park, Ill.

For several years before she came to the presidency of Mt. Holyoke college, in 1900, Dr. Mary E. Woolley was professor of Biblical history and literature in Wellesley college. A leader in the field of education, she has become even more widely known for her efforts in behalf of international good will and world peace. She has been a member of a score of councils and commissions looking to the creation of a more Christian world. Dr. Woolley has attained wide fame as a member of the American delegation to the conference for the reduction and limitation of armaments, Geneva. The sermon included in this issue was recently delivered at the Chicago Sunday Evening club.

Born in Belgium, Rabbi Ferdinand M. Isserman came to America in 1906. He received his education at the University of Cincinnati and the Hebrew Union college, and later at the University of Toronto and the University of Chicago. For four years he was rabbi of the Holy Blossom congregation in Toronto, and since 1929 has been rabbi of Temple Israel, St. Louis. He is a member of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, a trustee of the Hebrew Union college and was chairman and co-founder of the Social Justice commission of St. Louis.

Rev. Alvin B. Gurley *received his education* at Yale and Princeton. During the World War he spent a year working in a munitions plant, and later served in the army and in diplomatic service in London and Belgrade. For several years he has been associate minister of the Second Presbyterian church, Philadelphia. He directs the work also of a community center supported by his church in a congested district of the city.

Returning from China in 1926, where he taught in the National Normal university at Peking, Rev. Allan A. Hunter became pastor of Mt. Hollywood Community church (Congregational affiliation) at Los Angeles, where he now ministers.

For three years, 1915-18, Rev. Bruce S. Wright was minister of the American church in Manila, P. I. Shortly after, following a brief pastorate in Albany, N. Y., he went to Asbury-Delaware Methodist church, Buffalo. Since 1934 he has led the activities of the Old Stone church in Meadville, Pa.

In June of last year Rev. Fred W. Shorter was ousted from the pastorate of Pilgrim Congregational church, Seattle, Wash., because of his "radicalism." Soon after he organized in the same city the nondenominational "Church of the People." Before going to Seattle, Mr. Shorter had held pastorates in Woodbury, Conn., and Great Falls, Mont. Coming to America from Australia, where he was born, he received his education at the University of Missouri and at Yale divinity school. During the World War he served overseas with the Canadian troops in the medical corps. Before entering the ministry he taught for a brief period in Hampton institute.

Rev. Charles E. Jefferson *is honorary* minister at Broadway Tabernacle, New York.

Rev. Merton S. Rice *is minister at the* Metropolitan Methodist church, Detroit.

Titles and Texts

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

Frederick W. Norwood, The City Temple, London, Eng. "Are We Free or Bound?" John 8:36—"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

Roy H. Brown, president Silliman Institute, Dumaguete, P. I. "The Man Who Prevails." Jeremiah 1:19—"And they shall fight against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."

Otto Liebner, Bethlehem Methodist, Evansville, Ind. "Things That Cannot Be Shaken." Heb. 12:26, 27—"Once again I will make heaven as well as earth to quake. That phrase, once again, denotes the removal of what is shaken to leave only what stands unshaken." (Moffatt.)

O. M. Rickman, Swope Park Methodist, Kansas City, Mo. "A Sure Path to National Recovery." 2 Chron. 7:14—"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

A. B. Hawkes, Baptist, Fort Gaines, Ga. "Adequate God for Inadequate Man." Phil. 4:19—"God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Thomas C. Bryan, Maryland Avenue Presbyterian, Baltimore, Md. "Our Consistent God." 2 Tim. 2:13—"If we are unfaithful he will remain faithful, for he cannot be false to himself!" (Goodspeed.)

W. G. Jones, St. Andrew's United, Three Rivers, Quebec, Can. "Half-Way House." Gen. 11:32—"Terah died in Haran."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

Title of sermon

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Text used (Write out the text)

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Name of minister

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Name of church

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Address

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

IT is impossible to select out any one event—whether the visits of British diplomats to Berlin, Moscow and Prague, the conference at Stresa, or the extraordinary session of the league council at Geneva—as *the* event of the month. Taken together, however, these constitute a composite event which has not only overshadowed everything else during the past thirty days, but which marks another definite turning point in international affairs. For what these things mean, when stripped of all their confusing details, is that the great powers of Europe have given up hope of dealing with the rearmed and assertive Germany of the Hitler régimé on any basis other than by the formation of impregnable military alliances. The league machinery for insuring peace through courts, through mutual negotiation, and through a generally agreed on cooperative action is no longer to be trusted, even in form. On the contrary, the statesmen of the old allied nations are feverishly at work trying to bolt together an iron cordon about Germany which, at the first sign of a new aggressive action, such as the militarization of the Rhineland or a move toward the occupation of Austria, can overwhelm the reich. This means, leaving to one side all pretense, that Europe has gone back to the old system of balancing power, with the weight of armed force for the moment apparently heavily on the side of the allies. But there are weak spots in the iron cordon which give the French grave concern. Of these, Poland is the most important, and the most doubtful, but Hungary, Jugoslavia and even puppet Austria will give the allied leaders sleepless nights. Detailed analysis of the new situation is out of the question here, but it is enough to point out that Europe has gone back to an undisguised armament race along with this feverish effort to forge a system of military understandings which Germany can neither challenge nor undermine. The effect is to preserve peace for the moment—for in the general uncertainty no nation wants to precipitate a war—but to make the ultimate outbreak of conflict more likely than ever.

Europe Returns to the Pre-War Balance

The Book of the Month

THE TWO SOURCES OF MORALITY AND RELIGION. *By Henri Bergson. Translated by R. Ashley Audra, Cloudesley Brerton and W. Horsfall Carter. Henry Holt & Company, $3.00.*

A BOOK by Henry Bergson is a literary event of the first magnitude. Even those who have never read his "Creative Evolution" have known his name, and have undoubtedly come under the influence of his incisive thinking. In four immense chapters Bergson here carries forward his philosophy to show how the upward drive, the creative impulse within the universe, together with the interplay of instinct and intelligence within man, constitute the basic source of both religion and morality. These chapters are: Moral Obligation, Static Religion, Dynamic Religion, Mechanics and Mysticism. He asserts, as he did at the turn of the century, that the unaccountable impulses of life must be accepted as such, for "we know that all around intelligence there lingers still a fringe of intuition, vague and evanescent," and "a soul strong enough, noble enough to make this effort would not stop to ask whether the principle with which it is not in touch is the transcendent cause of all things or merely its earthly delegate." Life goes beyond the explainable, and this "beyond" lures men on, not just intellectually, but emotionally as well, and in terms of everyday aspiration. Out of this inner drive and this outer pull there develops a mystic sense of oneness with and insight into the creative activity of the universe. This the author unashamedly calls the love of God. It fills man with incorrigible optimism and helps him to dream great dreams. His then becomes the responsibility for deciding whether he wants merely to live or to make that extra effort required for fulfilling, even on this refractory planet, "the essential function of the universe, which is a machine for the making of Gods."

A Thought for the Month

WHAT happened in the life of Jesus after the resurrection must always remain shrouded in mystery. Apparently it was intended that it should be so. The records are neither coherent nor consistent. He was here, he was there; by the lake, on a mountain, with two on the road, with the eleven at a meal, suddenly appearing in a closed room, suddenly vanishing in a cloud. But what happened in the life of his disciples is clear enough. They were transformed from a distraught and disappointed group, wistfully recalling how vainly they "had hoped that it would be he who should redeem Israel," to a confident and courageous company setting forth with empty hands and burning hearts to conquer the world in his name. However one may reconstruct the history of the forty days and Pentecost, that shining fact remains. And equally clear is it that those who were, in the first generation of the Christian adventure, the most competent interpreters of its meaning, had a definite idea of the transformation that should come into the lives of those who, by faith and obedience, became partakers in his death and resurrection—"that as Christ was raised from the dead, through the glory of God the Father, so also we should walk in newness of life." The resurrection was more than an event; it was the beginning of something new—a new message of hope and love to the world, a new courage and dynamic for the proclamation of that message and for its embodiment in constructive programs for the weal of human society, and a new way of life for the individuals who commit themselves to the leadership of that Master and to the comradeship of those who form the company of his followers.

After the Resurrection

Charles Clayton Morrison

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